THE KALEIDOSCOPE;

OR,

Literary and Scientific Mirror.

"UTILE DULCI."

This familiar Miscellany, from which all religious and political matters are excluded, contains a variety of original and selected Articles; comprehending LITERATURE, CRITICISM, MEN and MANNERS, AMUSEMENT, elegant EXTRACTS, POETRY, ANECDOTES, BIOGRAPHY, METEOROLOGY, the DRAMA, ARTS and SCIENCES, WIT and SATIRE, FASHIONS, NATURAL HISTORY, &c. forming a handsome ANNUAL VOLUME, with an INDEX and TITLE-PAGE. *Persons in any part of the Kingdom may obtain this Work from London through their respective Booksellers.*

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Scientific Notices,

Comprehending Notices of new Discoveries or Improvements in Science or Art; including, occasionally, singular Medical Cases; Astronomical, Mechanical, Philosophical, Botanical, Meteorological, and Mineralogical Phenomena, or singular Facts in Natural History; Vegetation, &c.; Antiquities, &c.

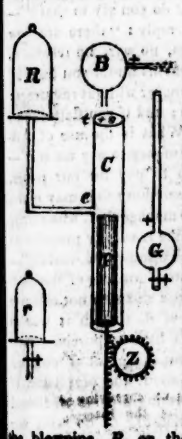
THE UNION AIR-PUMP.

The following description of an important improvement and simplification of the air-pump is very well worthy of the attention of our readers.

TO THE EDITORS.

GENTLEMEN,—Should you apprehend the following description of an instrument, with its appendages, worthy of being made known to the philosophical world, you are at liberty to communicate it in either or both of your valuable publications; or in any other way you may think proper.—Yours, &c. JOHN BRADLEY.

Academy, Windsor, Toxteth-park, near Liverpool.



C cylinder; *P* a solid piston, the length of which is one inch longer than the distance from *t*, the top of the cylinder, to *e*. When the piston is at the bottom of the cylinder, as in the diagram, there is then an open communication between the upper part of the cylinder and the receiver, *R*. As the piston rises to the top, by turning the rack-wheel, *Z*, it forces the air out through the valve, *o*, at the top of the pump, and when the piston is completely at the top, its lower part, being by an inch below *e*, covers the entrance into the receiver, and prevents the admission of air. The receiver, when exhausted, may be liberated by opening the stop-cock, +, on the top of the pump. Remove the receiver, *R*, and screw the blowpipe, *B*, on the valve, *o*, work the wheel, *Z*, and the air will soon be sufficiently condensed for a blowpipe, as will be evident by opening the stop-cock, +, in the beak of the pipe. In the same manner the air-gun, *G*, may be used. Screw the receiver, *r*, on the stop-cock, +, in the top of the cylinder, and place the receiver, *R*, on its plate, the pump then becomes a double transferrer.

Thus are combined in one simple instrument, the union air-pump; an air-pump without valve between the receiver and cylinder; a powerful blowpipe; a powerful air-gun; and a double transferrer; the enormous prices of which are too well known to poor experimentalists.

In addition to the foregoing description, which appeared in the *Mercury*, we annex the following observations, by Mr. Bradley.

Providence has given to man three potent servants—fire, water, air, together with a faculty of using them; and in proportion to the manner of use, he procures to himself the necessities, conveniences, and amusements of life. Hence individuals and nations rise or fall in the scale of eminence as the faculty, Mind, is cultivated, and the agencies of nature judiciously employed. A great man called this country "a nation of shopkeepers;" might he not have more justly defined it a nation of practical chymists and machinists, who ride, fly, swim, and practise all the operations of the arts of life by means of inanimate matter?—If the mind of man were perfect, so would be his first conceptions of an instrument; but as it is progressive, his instruments are susceptible of improvement; for, in general, they are, at first, found to be complicated and remote from the simplicity of nature, which, in the most elegant manner, operates by the shortest means; hence the simplifying of machinery approaches its perfection, as is evinced in the histories of naval architecture, the steam-engine, and the air-pump. An extended application of the above instrument, I apprehend, might be in the throwing out a line to vessels in distress near our coast; it might be used also on board of a man-of-war—but it would be too destructive, in consequence of the great facility of charging it; and as air-guns are illegal on land, it would be improper to use them on water, though such an instrument would supersede the use of powder, and many of the auxiliaries attending the working of large guns. On the coast it might be used in the most tempestuous weather, as it requires neither flint, fire, nor powder, and is susceptible of being charged to any power that the receiver is capable of resisting.

The Investigator.

[Comprehending Political Economy, Statistics, Jurisprudence, occasional passages from Parliamentary Speeches of a general nature, occasional Parliamentary Documents, and other speculative subjects, excluding Party Politics.]

(ORIGINAL.)

AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

BY ERASMUS GOWER.

(Continued from page 25.)

CHAPTER IV.

The reign of the Second Henry presents little of importance as respects the present inquiry. His ample possessions in France, amounting to one-third of that kingdom, yielded revenue sufficient to maintain his dignity, even if he had received nothing from England; and his disagreement with the clergy in the early part of his reign, coupled with his disputes with his sons, at its close, gave him little leisure to turn his attention to the financial state of his English possessions. Yet there are some circumstances in this reign which deserve notice, as being the remote cause of the troubles in the reign of his son John; and these are, 1st, Henry raised the fees of wardship considerably; and, 2nd, he exacted more in the way of purveyorship than was his due, according to the provisions of the feudal system. These innovations were then considered but of little importance, but, being acted upon in a more extensive manner by the first Richard, they produced the most important consequences both to the Crown and the people. These remarks are all I consider necessary, as respects the reign of the second Henry; and their meagreness arises more from the scantiness of materials than my own disinclination. But if the reign of Henry presents little of interest, that of his son Richard presents incidents of the first importance, as respects the present subject,—and a more extended notice of it will, therefore, be necessary. When Richard ascended the throne, he resolved on an expedition to the Holy Land; and the means by which he raised the supplies necessary for this expedition, deserve some notice. 1st, He sold, to the highest bidder, the demesne lands of the Crown, or, in other words, he disposed of the forfeited estates of the Saxon nobles, enjoyed by the Conqueror and his successors. 2d, He exacted a fine of twenty shillings from every knight's fee. 3d, He sold the honours of the Crown for large sums; and, 4th, He assembled the king's council of nobles and prelates, at Nottingham, and obtained from it a contribution of two shillings in every caracute of land. By these means Richard was enabled to proceed in his expedition, and to reap that barren glory which still encircles his name.

It belongs not to the present inquiry to detail the intrigues of John during his brother Richard's absence, or the progress of Richard in his mad scheme of conquering the Saracens and regaining the Holy City. I shall, therefore, pass on to notice the means by which Richard obtained revenue, after his return to England—as they present a curious instance of the miserable necessities the monarch was reduced to by the insufficient provisions of the feudal system. Fully aware of the rash act he had committed, in disposing of the Crown lands, he forcibly resumed possession of them, contending that the revenue received from them, by their purchasers, was more than sufficient to repay them the sums received by him prior to his expedition to the Holy Land. He broke the great seal of England, and required all who held possessions, or honours under it, to have them renewed under the new seal, else they became forfeited,—of course, the fees, &c. were demanded as in cases of an original grant under the great seal. He raised a contribution of five shillings on every caracute of land, pretending he was sanctioned in so doing by the proceedings of the before-mentioned council at Nottingham. He exacted tollages from all burghs, cities, towns, demesnes, &c. belonging to the Crown. He raised the fines of wardship most enormously, and exacted for purveyorship ten times the amount required by the feudal system; and finally, he demanded and obtained fines for even knight's fee.* It is clear, that in thus obtaining revenue he violated the privileges guaranteed to the Crown vassals by the feudal system, and confirmed to them by the Conqueror when he obtained possession of England. The impost of five shillings on every caracute of land, under the pretence that it was sanctioned by the council at Nottingham, was a most tyrannical measure, as Richard perpetuated a tax which was only granted by the Crown vassals in consequence of a pressing emergency. The tollage required from the cities, towns, demesnes, &c. belonging to the Crown was a gross violation of the feudal system, as the immediate vassals of the Crown were exempted by the laws from such imposts. But the most flagrant breach of the feudal system was in the cases of wardship and pur-

* Hoved.

veyorship. By the consent of the Conqueror and his successors, a stipulated sum was paid by all minors in cases of wardship, which sum was proportionate to the dignity of the minor. By another agreement the claims of purveyorship were satisfied by the payment of a yearly sum, either in kind or in specie. Richard, without the consent of his vassals, raised the fines of wardship most enormously, and exacted more than ten times the stipulated sum as a satisfaction for purveyorship. These acts on the part of the King were justly considered as the first steps in a career of taxation unsanctioned by the vassals, and unacknowledged by the feudal system.† But it was not to be expected that the proud and powerful aristocracy of England would tamely submit to these innovations. During the short period of Richard's reign, symptoms of disaffection occurred, and the nobles clamoured loudly and fearlessly against the tyranny of their sovereign; the prelates also espoused the cause of the nobles, and already these coalitions were formed which subsequently obtained the grant of Magna Charta. It was at this critical period that Richard, by death, escaped the consequence of his ill-judged measures, and his weak and unfortunate brother John was left to receive the punishment for those acts which Richard himself had committed. But before proceeding to the reign of John, I think it necessary to notice, somewhat at length, the internal condition of England at the period of Richard's death.

The condition of the Anglo-Saxons during the reign of the Conqueror and his immediate successors, has already been noticed; and the means of extortion employed upon them have been minutely stated: but time, which produces mighty changes, also changed the condition of the Anglo-Saxons. During the reigns I have before noticed, the amalgamation of the Saxons and Normans gradually and silently took place, and as the conquerors and conquered became intermingled and confounded together, those acts of oppression, which had hitherto been used against the Anglo-Saxons, could no longer be employed. The intermixture of Saxons, Danes, Normans, French, &c. had produced the *English*, and when Richard had sought to tax the Anglo-Saxons after the manner of the Conqueror, he found a new race, who preserved no distinctive traces of their origin, and who claimed the same privileges and immunities as did the Normans in the early periods of the conquest. Thus, by this change, was the monarch deprived of a most fruitful source of revenue, and thus was the mighty crisis of England's liberty and independence hastened with irresistible rapidity. Another power now claimed the monarch's notice, which, feeble in the reign of the Conqueror, acquired gigantic strength in the reign of his successors—and this power was the clergy. By the regulations between the Conqueror and the Pope, the former was allowed the privilege of nominating and appointing the Archbishops and Bishops, and, as has been already stated, the early Norman monarchs used this privilege as a means of obtaining revenue. But when Stephen ascended the throne, he partly gave up this important privilege, and it was finally wrested from the second Henry, by the haughty Thomas à Becket. Thus the first step was made in depriving the monarch of another source of revenue, and thus was his humiliation further hastened. The great cause of this change, and of the clergy's power may be found in the struggle between Stephen and Maud, as to secure the support of the church both parties granted it immunities and privileges which could not again be wrested from it. From this period until the end of Richard's reign, the clergy gradually acquired more extensive privileges and greater power; and in the reign of John, so great had their influence increased, that we find them the arbiters of the destinies of England.

Thus I have traced the progress of the feudal system, and the cause which retarded the effects of its pecuniary provisions on the dignity of the monarch. The early Norman Kings, from causes before explained, were enabled to procrastinate the evil day of dependance upon the people, and the liberties of England dawned not under their sway. But I have now arrived at the period when the origin of our liberties can be proved, and their effects related. I have attempted to show that to causes widely remote from a splendid effect may be traced the origin of our liberties, and in the next step I purpose to show, that not even to Magna Charta can we ascribe the constitution of England, nor to the efforts of the barons can we attribute the liberties we enjoy. But to return.

The reign of John is one of the greatest importance to the present inquiry, and as at this period the interest of the subject is mightily increased, a more extended view of the reigns of John and his successors will be absolutely necessary. How far I can trespass upon the patience of my readers remains yet to be proved, but I much fear that my poor efforts will tire them, ere I can conscientiously draw to a conclusion. However, I shall persevere in my undertaking, merely informing the readers of the *Kaleidoscope*, that the Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Origin of the Constitution of England, will extend to upwards of 24 chapters of about the same length as the present. If they think I extend my subject to an undue length, let them now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold their peace.

End of Chapter IV.

† Hoved. Lingard.

Men and Manners.

THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN HERMIT, EXPRESSLY FOR THE KALEIDOSCOPE.]

It is an old saying, that we ought not to analyse our enjoyments, nor be too particular in our inquiries as to the manner in which certain things are composed. It is for this reason that good housewives will not allow any visitors to come to the kitchen; and, on the same principle, the editors of newspapers do not like to be called upon during the hours of preparation. It may, nevertheless, interest some of my readers to share the observations which I was accidentally enabled to make on such an occasion.

I was studying the history of the campaign in 1798, and remembering that I had read an important article in one of the *Correspondents*, I begged leave at the office to search for the number I wanted, and I obtained it: but as my occupation detained me a considerable time, and I continued it in silence, I ceased to be noticed by those in the establishment, and I had therefore an opportunity to witness what was going on.

The next person to me in the room was a young man, who answered to inquiries, and received orders. A young woman called to have her master's death noticed, and began with laying a dollar upon the table; but understanding that this would scarcely suffice to have the event mentioned at all, and having received positive orders to get something very dashing to be inserted, she increased the premium to a full louis d'or, under the condition of getting No. I. in point of language, with all the particulars, and a black border besides. The intended article was written out, and met with her full approbation; it was as follows:

"This is the most unfortunate day of my life. The angel of death, from whom no one escapes, seized my beloved, never-to-be-forgotten husband, and drew him (the ever dear) into the realm of shades by means of an apoplectic fit. To me, who stand broken-hearted near his grave, nothing remains but the wish soon to follow him. He was in the very prime of life, being only five and forty years, three months, two days, and four hours and a quarter old. May all weep with me! but let none make me acquainted with their tears, as they would only increase my own."

During this time a man had brought some papers which he threw into the letter-box; and soon after the master of the concern came from the interior to ask whether there were any fresh orders. The notice of the just-mentioned announcement was communicated by the clerk; but the master replied with emphasis,—"Nonsense! I mean orders for my Gazette." He then mechanically put his hand into the letter-box, took out a handful of the contents, and threw himself into an arm-chair to read at his convenience. The first note he opened was of the following import:—"I request the Gazette office not to send me any more *Correspondents* after Michaelmas."

"So, so," said the proprietor, in a somewhat lowered tone, resting his heavy political head against the right support of his seat, and looking as earnestly at the sky, as if he had been anxious to discover some new stars in broad day-light. He took up a second paper, and read as before:—"I shall not want your *Correspondent* any longer, and beg that you will discontinue sending it after the present quarter." The man's eyes became less visible; his brow lowered; he turned to the other side, and seemed to continue a train of thoughts which the reading of the second note had rather strengthened than interrupted. He once more stretched forth his hand, and, as misfortune would have it, he once more got hold of a—"Please to take notice," &c.—This was really too bad: three subscribers withdrawing at once! what could be the reason? He quickly rose, made some hasty strides through the room, and abruptly ordered the young man to call in the doctor. He had crammed the unfortunate requests into his hand, and given them such a convulsive squeeze, that very little of their primitive form remained; but as soon as the doctor made his appearance, he threw all before him, and exclaimed,—"There! there! what do you say to that?"—"I cannot help that," was the reply: "there are now so many papers, besides bad times, no war, no rebellion, no stir of any kind: what other reasons would you have?" "Pah! pah! a man of genius is never without resources: the world is now ruled by opinion; and if you flatter that, you may do what you like."—"What is the use of flattery, when people have got no money to pay for it?"—"They will find money enough to pay for our paper, when they find that it contains something that may mend their situation."—"How am I to manage that, when there is nothing going on; when the like inactivity prevails in the cabinets, the saloons, and the commercial world?"—"Do like the French,—make something out of nothing. Look at the emancipation of Hayti: did they not contrive to make a most glorious business of it, though it was in fact nothing at all. The blacks have to purchase their freedom; but what an outcry about this grant of political liberty! what precious disputes about the perversion of order and precedent, or the astonishing progress of liberal ideas!"—"Well, but this has nothing to do with our country."—"Has not it? Will not the free negroes want coats and linen in the European fashion; and may not the circumstance have great influence on our rising manufactories, on our West Indian Associations, and on the steam navigation of the Rhine?"—"No, that it won't, because—don't give yourself the trouble of exhausting your reasoning faculties; spare your arguments for some fitter opportunity: I do not intend to speculate myself either in wool or in linen, but I know people that do, and they will read our paper, make inquiries, enter into discussions: *discussions*, I say; do you hear that? Are you aware of all the advantages which they may confer, and how they may lead on to other matters not originally connected with the subject; but all good in their kind? Any thing is better than the common-place articles with which you filled our yesterday's publication, and of which you see the consequences before you in the shape of this confounded notes. What do the public care whether such a Prince has set out for one place or for another; but if his Highness had broken his neck, or nearly so, it would be a little better: it is not at all necessary that such a

event should have actually happened; it may be given as half official, or without name, as something that occurred to a person of the highest quality: this will set conjecture afloat. People will speculate on the consequences, and eagerly wait for the next paper; which is either to keep up the interest of the previous intelligence, or to direct the public attention to some other quarter. Greek affairs do not turn out so well as had been expected; but couriers are continually on the roads to Berlin, Vienna, and Paris. You may depend upon their being all bearers of despatches, ay, and some of them secret ones, let me tell you. Besides, troops are always assembling, or reviewing, somewhere; and how often does not a king return sooner from a bathing-place than had been anticipated; nay, Mr. Canning himself does sometimes go into the country, or return from it, and what should prevent us from explaining such matters in our own way? We need not commit ourselves by bold guesses; we only throw out hints, or we communicate those that have been imparted to us by our friends. We may object to the rumours that are spread, or might be spread, on the strength of passing events; and we are at perfect liberty to state that we have every reason to believe ourselves better informed than our contemporaries, and that nothing but a feeling of delicate forbearance prevents us from making a premature disclosure of what is then in agitation. Our foreign correspondents are certainly not worth the expense to which they put us; but since we have got them, and pay for them, we may as well turn their authority to some little profit, by reports of wars, conspiracies, and sudden, political, or commercial revolutions, whenever these things may serve our purpose. In short, Doctor, we must alter our plan of operations."

The conversation was here interrupted by the arrival of fresh letters, and other papers, with which the gentlemen retired into the interior.

Adders.—A pointer belonging to Captain Russell having died in consequence of the bite of an adder received a fortnight before while training in the grounds near Ballantrae, "the Captain," says the *Dumfries Courier*, "determined to be upsides with the adder; provided himself with a cleft stick; ascended the heights, discovered the reptile, seized it by the middle, and held it up while his servant lashed it smartly with a switch. The reptile coiled and wound its own tail; and Captain Russell, being curious to know the result, desisted. In less than a quarter of an hour the adder swelled to a great size. When killed, it measured four feet one inch."

Extravagant Demands of the Ladies.—The French ladies, says Major Ludlow Beamish, in one of his notes, were very extravagant in their demands upon Knightly valour; none of them esteemed any Knight worthy of her love who had not given proof of his gallantry in there several encounters. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was much annoyed at Paris by a Mons. Balagny, who received more attention from the ladies than he did; they used, one after another, to invite him to sit near them, and when one lady had his company awhile, another would say, "Come, you have enjoyed him long enough: let me have him now;" and the reason of all this favour was, that he had killed eight or nine men in single combat.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY.

[*From the Liverpool Courier.*]

	Barometer at noon.		Extreme during Night.		Thermometer 8 morning		Extreme heat during Day.		State of the Wind at noon.	Remarks at noon.
Aug.										
1	29	86	56	0	63	0	72	0	S.W.	Fair.
2	29	68	58	0	63	0	72	0	S.	Cloudy.
3	29	49	60	0	65	0	66	0	S.S.W.	Rain.
4	29	70	56	0	59	0	66	0	N.N.W.	Cloudy.
5	29	93	56	0	59	0	65	0	N.N.W.	Cloudy.
6	30	26	54	0	59	0	67	0	S.S.W.	Fair. {dry.
7	30	19	57	0	63	0	70	0	E.	Fair; very sul.

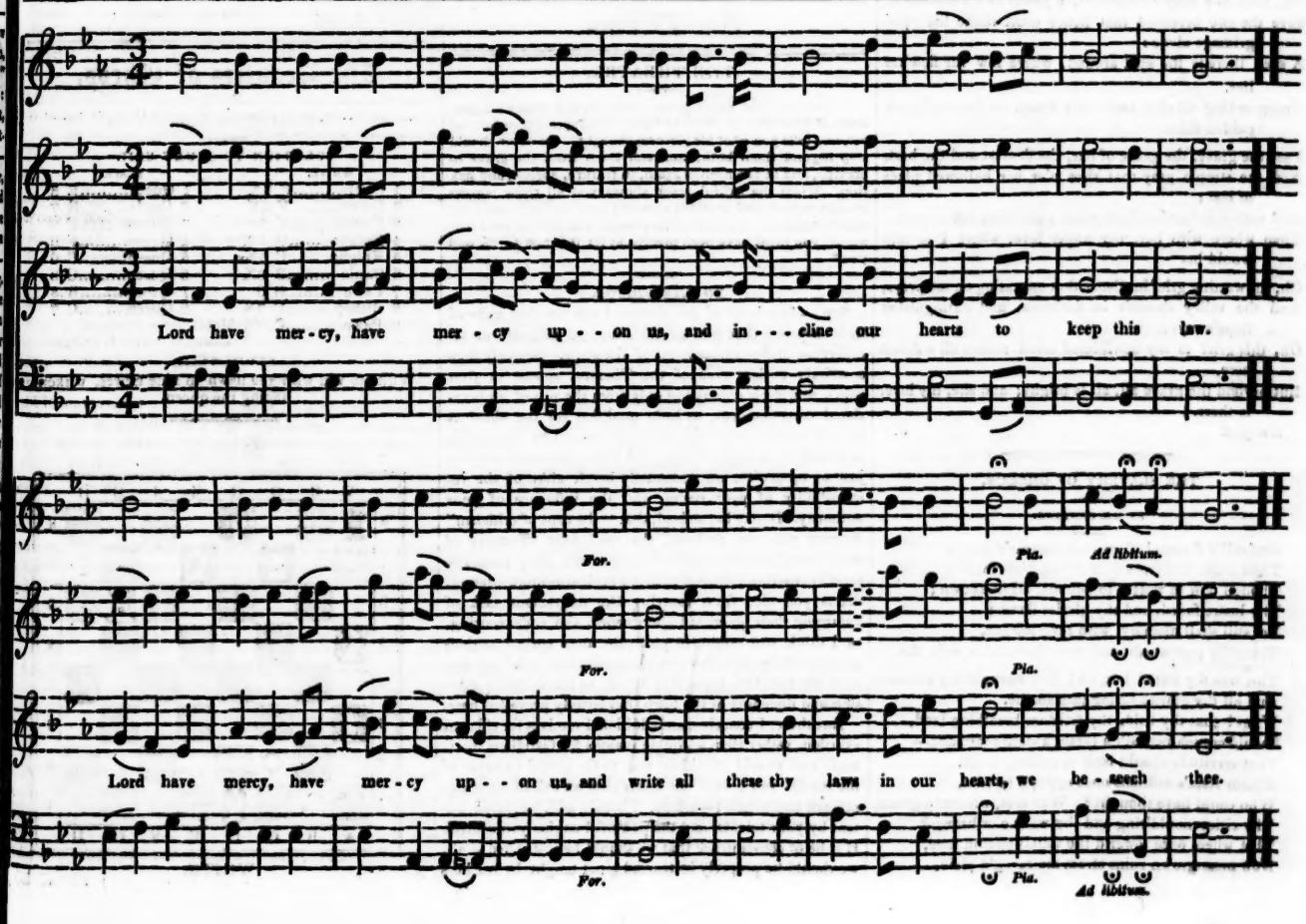
2d,—Half-past three, p.m. showers.
4th,—Seven, p.m. rain.

Tide Table.

Days.	Morn. h.	Morn. m.	Even. h.	Even. m.	Height. ft.	Height. in.	Festivals, &c.
Tuesday ..14	3	33	3	58	13	4	Moon's last quarter.
Wednesday 15	4	25	4	54	11	9	
Thursday..16	5	33	6	11	10	9	Duke of York born 1763.
Friday 17	6	47	7	28	10	5	
Saturday..18	8	6	8	38	10	11	
Sunday....19	9	6	9	30	11	11	10th Sunday after Trinity
Monday ..20	9	52	10	12	13	3	
Tuesday ..21	10	31	10	49	14	6	Duke of Clarence born 1765

SMEDLEY.

BY MR. SAMUEL SMITH, OF MANCHESTER.



Poetry.

LINES.

"This grief is to my bewildered mind what the church of Lideote is to our park; we may lose ourselves among the briars and thickets, for a little space, but from the end of each avenue we see the old gray steeple and the grave of my forefathers. I would I were to travel that road to-morrow!" —KENILWORTH.

Oh, fair may be the valleys, and the daisied meadows green,
And thickets, glens, and woodland sweet, compose a fairy scene;
Yet, amid the sylvan glories bright, so beauteous to see,
Still "*the old gray steeple*" points the spot, aye, dearest unto me.

It may be in scenes Elysian, that we lose ourselves awhile,
And nature in her witchery, may thought, perchance, beguile;
But transient her dominion, o'er the heart that changing never,
From its buried love nor time, nor scene, nor aught but death can sever.

Oh, there is a spell omnipotent, a power to all unknown,
Save the one bereaved that hence must make life's pilgrimage alone:
A spell there is the spot around, where low the flow'ret lies,
Transcending all that earth can boast, or heaven's own golden skies.

I see the grave, the grave of her, the dearest and the best,
And the steeple gray that rises o'er her hallowed place of rest;
And nature in her loveliest wears a garb less fair to me,
Than where with her, my angel love, where I so fain would be.

Oh, the wasting grief in silence that unceasing on me preys,
And the valley shrouds in darkness, and extinguishes hope's rays;
Oh, this grief to my bewildered mind makes all a desert here,
But beyond the grave all, all is bright; and she, my love, is there.!

Liverpool. G.

THE SLAVERY OF GREECE.

BY MR. CANNING.

Unrivall'd Greece! thou ever-honour'd name,
Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
Though now to worth, to honour, all unknown;
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown;
Yet still shall memory, with reverted eye,
Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh, &c.

This was thy state! but, oh! how chang'd thy fame—
And all thy glories fading into shame.
What! that thy bold, thy freedom breathing land,
Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command—
That servitude should bind in galling chain,
Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain,
Who could have thought? Who sees, without a groan,
Thy cities mould'ring and thy walls o'erthrown?
That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain,
And unobserved, but by the traveller's eye,
Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
And thy fall'n column, on the dusty ground,
Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around, &c.

Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,—
Still recollections prompt the mournful sigh,
When to thy mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.
So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
Tow'rs from th' earth, and braves the inclement sky;
On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
At whose wide base the thundering ocean roars;
In conscious pride its huge gigantic form
Surveys imperious, and defies the storm;
Till, worn by age, and mouldering to decay,
Th' insidious waters wash its base away,
It falls, and falling, cleaves the trembling ground,
And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

AN INSCRIPTION OVER A TAVERN IN PISA.

The following inscription over a tavern door in Pisa is now making its tour through the papers. It is ingenious enough—as the first line is Italian, the second French, the third Latin, and the fourth English.

In questa caza trouverete
Tout se que l'on peut souhaiter,
Bonum vinum, pisces, carnes,
Coaches, chaises, horses, harness.

In this tavern you may find
Every thing to suit your mind,—
Good wine, good fish, and flesh, in courses,
Coaches, chaises, harness, horses.

The Drama.

THE THEATRE.

"The most that Vandyke can arrive at, is to make his portraits of great persons seem to *think*; Shakspeare goes further yet, and tells you *what* his pictures thought. An actor should step beyond them both, and call them from the grave to breathe, and be themselves again, in feature, speech, and motion. When the skilful actor shows you all these powers at once united, and gratifies at once your eye, your ear, your understanding; to conceive the pleasure rising from such harmony, you must have been present at it: it is not to be told you."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a lover of the drama, I am not less grieved than surprised that you should evince so culpable an indifference to the amusements of the stage. Scarcely does a solitary notice, even of the Theatre, appear in your pages, and these emanating only from the pen of an occasional correspondent, as little qualified for the office as myself, whose sentiments are either swayed by friendship, or biased by personal dislike, and whose opinions, whether just or otherwise, are necessarily bereft alike of the responsibility of your name, and the influence of your authority. It may be, indeed, that "the cant of criticism" disgusts you, or, perhaps, the malignant effrontery of some pseudo-critics, (for *critics*, forsooth, they modestly term themselves,) while it excites your loathsome contempt, deters you also from essaying the ungracious task of scourging their ignorant impertinence, and endeavouring, as I think you ought, to cultivate more correct notions amongst those, who have no alternative but to be satisfied with the maudlin imbecility which, so much to the aversion and disrepute of the town, has latterly prevailed here.

But these, I conceive, are additional motives for efficient exertion, rather than adequate reasons for fastidious inertness, and should stimulate you to the useful exercise of the means you possess for remedying an evil of no insignificant magnitude;—means, I would add, rendered potent by your talents, and the powerful engine you control. If it be of consequence that we should be instructed at all, we should be properly instructed; not taught by teachers requiring to be taught themselves; and if it be of moment that we ought to think and speak with somewhat of truth and judgment, as well of affairs of taste as in matters of morality, it is equally important that any thing having a tendency to encourage the vitiated or false perception of what we witness or know, should be discountenanced, nay, reprobated. And though it may be much easier to imbibe erroneous ideas than to eradicate them when acquired, it is, nevertheless, the especial duty of those having in any wise the guidance of public opinion, to point out its more legitimate and judicious course; for in the ratio of a man's power to do good, should be his efforts to benefit his kind.

Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not.

Let not, then, I pray you, Gentlemen, a Vandenhoff, a Browne, a Meadows, a Bedford, and—though in enumeration last, in talent foremost and alone—a *Dowton*, "strut his hour upon the stage," without your frequent commendation. Content not yourselves with "the dumb eloquence of silent" admiration, but proclaim aloud to the world the pleasurable emotions with which these worthies inspire you; and with which, therefore, they are capable of inspiring others. To any one, however, at all conversant with our present dramatic recreations, it will be merely requisite, speaking of Dowton in particular, to say he represented such a part; every other thing you could mention of him will then be understood, for praise would be supererogation, censure absurd; so completely does he realize the description of an actor in my motto, that, as regards him, criticism's "occupation's gone." I hope, the weather having become cooler, to see this gentleman play Falstaff again: rich as are all his performances, Falstaff, to my thinking, is the most racy. Would it not be suitable for his benefit, which must now soon occur? the same play (Henry IV.) presenting the inducement, besides, of Vandenhoff's Hotspur, than which it is difficult to imagine a more spirited and judicious specimen of acting.

August 11, 1827.

The Beauties of Chess.

"*Ludimus effigiem belli.*"—VIDA.

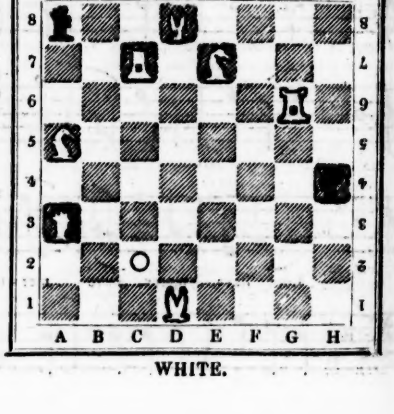
SOLUTION TO STUDY CLII.

WHITE.		BLACK.	
1 Castle	F 8X	1 Queen	E 8
2 Queen	F 6X	2 Castle	E 7
3 Knight	E 7	3 Queen	F 8
4 Knight	D 5X	4 Queen	F 6
5 Knight	C 6X	5 Queen	C 6
6 Castle	B 8X	6 Queen	C 8
7 Pawn	B 6	7 Queen	B 8
8 Bishop	C 7X	8 Queen	C 7
9 Pawn	C 7X Mate.		

STUDY CLIII.

White to win with the pawn in nine moves, without taking the queen.

Black.



WHITE.

Miscellanies.

ABERNETHY'S LECTURES.

Sympathy of the Heart.—"There is a curious thing with respect to the heart, showing its sympathies with the lungs. This is one of the curious experiments that have been made. If an animal be pithed, the *medulla spinalis* divided high up, he dies; because the lungs want energy, and the *diaphragmatic* nerve has its function abolished, and he dies for want of breath. But let him be pithed, and respiration kept up by mechanical means, the inflation kept up, and life will go on. Now this is the experiment of John Hunter, on inventing a pair of bellows for drowned animals. He says the nearest dependance of the heart is upon the lungs; for, 'when I left off blowing my bellows (said John) the heart left off its action; and, when I began again to blow into the lungs, the heart recovered its power of action, at first feebly, but, after a little, more strongly.' I use the words exactly as Mr. Hunter uttered them. Now I trust all that nonsense is completely abolished: people say the *cerebrum* has no influence upon the heart; but I say, unquestionably, it has a great influence upon it, and I quote this instance to show it. Suppose a timid person, or a delicate female, hears a noise in the middle of the night, which she supposes to be either a ghost or a robber; egad! her pulsation fails, she gets cold, and is so alarmed as to be almost dead. Suppose a fellow calls another person a scoundrel. The person who is so called feels his spirit rising, his face grows red, and he takes up his fist and knocks the other down. Now, it is very strange that such a person as Bichat should make the heart the seat of feeling, and the head merely the seat of thought. Why he should put his hand upon his heart to show that that's the place of feeling, and his other hand upon his head, to denote that it's the place of thought, I don't know; but his head had no thought in it, I think, when he talked such nonsense as that. You know that pleasant feelings do produce a pleasant action, as Shakspeare said, 'My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne;' and that uneasiness of mind has directly the converse effect. It is, therefore, certainly the effect of the *cerebrum* that acts upon these organs. I wonder it had not entered into the wise head of some person to argue that the diaphragm was not the seat of all these emotions. Shakspeare seems to me to have most sensibly felt the seat of these emotions:—'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?—pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?—rase out the written troubles of the *brain*?' and so on: you know the rest, I dare say, but I don't. Well, now, so much with respect to that; and so much nonsense has been said with respect to it, that I hope it will never enter into your consideration."

The Throat.—When people cut their throats, what are you to do? Why, they may cut open the pharynx, and when they swallow, the liquor may run through the wound, and keep it from healing. Now I should, in every case of cut throat, be inclined to put a tube down the œsophagus, by which I could inject food into the stomach. This I take to be a very great improvement in modern surgery. It was first done by Desault, in the case of a man who was shot with a pistol, by which the roof of his mouth was broken in, and he was left in a state unable to swallow. Desault put a varnished catheter through his right nostril, and it went down his gullet. With such an instrument as this, you may squirt food into the stomach, or medicine either. Mr. Hunter put an eel-skin down the throat of a man, but I think a varnished catheter is the best, for it lies as snug as possible. You [illegible] people swallow at all, they never can swallow wit[illegible] tugging up and down the larynx. So that, I say, a cut throat is likely to do best where you put in a tube of the sort I have described. Now, to impress this on your minds, I tell the following case:—There was a man brought to this hospital who had cut his throat, and so determinedly had he done it, that he had separated the œsophagus from the larynx and thyroid cartilage. He had lost as much blood as was adequate to kill him. Of course, he had divided all the front branches of the carotid artery; however, the vessels had been secured. Well, I put a varnished catheter through his nostril, which I saw in the throat. I put it down behind the bread part of the cricoid cartilage. There were two portions of the cricoid cartilage hanging loose, which I put two threads into, and attached the ends to their proper places. I closed the wound and brought up his head, and made all fast with a bandage below his arms, for people, in that situation, are mad, and if you don't take care of them, they may fulfil that which they had only imperfectly accomplished. Having done this, I said to him, you are, on no account, to stir this, or to move it in any way. I am going to give you some warm milk to support you, for you are exhausted, and, if it makes you sick, raise your hand. I threw in half a pint of milk, he making no prohibitory sign. Well, I said, if you wish for more, raise your hand; and he raised it, and so I threw in another half-pint. The man's pulse was scarcely to be felt; and all I have further to tell you is, that for the time he lived, he was continually making signs for nourishment, which was given to him in moderate quantities.

The Mocking Bird.—The following account of the mocking bird is extracted from Colonel's Hippesley's Travels in South America:—"The mocking bird, a native of these immense forests, gave me a most decisive proof of its power of utterance, and its capability of articulating two or more syllables with such clearness of sound and expression as to astonish all who heard it. On ascending the Apure, our people had, as usual, landed to cook their suppers, and to prepare food for the consumption of the following day. The night had been wholly spent on shore by both officers and men. The hammock in which I slept was suspended between two large trees, at some height from the ground, and to windward of the fires. At day break, when I awoke, having occasion to speak to one of the officers, and seeing him near me, I called aloud his name. I called a second time, when I was told that he was gone down to our boat. In a few seconds after, I heard a voice similar to my own, repeating equally loud, 'Denis! Denis! Denis!' with the usual pause between. This call Captain Denis himself distinctly heard, thought it mine, and answered that he would be with me directly; and from the constant repetition, he imagined that the nature of the business must be urgent, and hurried accordingly. Several of the non-commissioned officers, who also heard the call, directed others to pass the word for Captain Denis, as the Colonel wanted him.—Our eyes and ears being at length directed to the spot, we discovered that my obliging, attentive, and repeating friend was sitting in the form of a bird on the upper branch of a tall tree near me, from whence he soon took his flight, making the very woods re-echo with the name of Denis."

Fine Arts.

THE SUBLIME ART AND SCIENCE OF COOKING.

"What science demands more study than cookery?"
L. E. Ude.

We have classed the subjoined article under the department of the Fine Arts, because that eminent man of *taste*, Mr. Ude, not only regards cooking as incomparably the finest of the fine arts, but as the most exalted of the sciences. We have, indeed, no means of judging whether he is qualified to decide upon the merits of the sciences in general; but it does appear to us that an enthusiast like him, who is wrapped up entirely in the contemplation and admiration of the science of cooking, can scarcely have had time to make himself master of the inferior philosophical and mathematical sciences. We say this, without meaning any disparagement to Mr. Ude, upon the authority of Pope, who says,

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art—so narrow human wit."

If Quin had now lived he would have idolized Mr. Ude, who could have provided him with dishes more piquant even than John Dories, or turtle-soup, which that epicurean comedian prized so highly,—that when asked what he would call for, if he might have two wishes gratified, replied, that the first wish should be to have a throat a mile long, lined with John Dories all the way;—the second wish that the River Thames should be turtle-soup, and his mouth the middle arch of Westminster-bridge!

It is amusing to witness the veneration with which a genuine enthusiast contemplates the charms of his hobby horse. We recollect reading an anecdote of a celebrated French professor of the fine art or science, as he would call it, of dancing. Having on some occasion, by his airs, given offence to the court, he regarded the circumstance as a national calamity, and addressing himself in broken English to the British Ambassador, who he hoped would become a mediator between the parties, said,—"By Gar, it is vere disagreeable affair; all France vill lament it vere much. It is the first time our family and the Bourbons have had misunderstanding."

The *maitres à danser* have long considered themselves as most exalted personages. M. Le Sage, in his inimitable Gil Blas, has given us a very entertaining and characteristic trait of this.

The hero of the piece having been appointed to superintend the education and select the masters of Seigneur Don Henri, was accosted by a fashionable *maitre à danser, Martin Ligèro*, when the following dialogue took place:—

Gil Blas: "Combien prenez vous par mois?"—*Ligèro:* "Quatre doubles pistoles, et je ne donne que deux leçons par mois?"—*Gil Blas:* "Quatre doubloons par mois! c'est beaucoup."—*Ligèro:* "Comment beaucoup! vous donneriez bien une pistole par mois de mois à un maitre de philosophie."

Brindley, the celebrated engineer, was an amateur in another way—his enthusiasm took a philosophical or mechanical direction; he was so enamoured of canals, that when examined before a parliamentary committee, upon a particular occasion, not appearing to attach much importance to running streams, &c. one gentleman asked him what he supposed was the use or design of springs and rivers? to which he replied—That they were doubtless to feed navigable canals.

Mr. Ude, although he carries his enthusiastic admiration for the culinary art to such length, is by no means singular in the preference he gives it over every other art or science: there are gourmands and epicures in abundance who have the same predilection, although they evince their partiality rather by deeds than by words. We recollect reading a funeral sermon preached by a German Divine over the grave of a celebrated cook, whose talents in her profession the Reverend gentleman praised to the skies, declaring that she was almost perfection itself; and that if she had any fault, or even foible, it was that, in the opinion of some persons, she was apt to put rather too much salt in some of her dishes: the saline seasoning, we presume, to be a very tickle point, as we find in the annexed article, that Mr. Ude left the service of the Earl of Sefton because Lord Molyneux had been guilty of the indiscretion or impertinence of adding a little salt to the soup.

But it is high time to introduce our readers to the article which have occasioned the foregoing prefatory remarks. We have copied it from the *London Weekly Review*.

The French Cook. *By L. E. Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, and Steward to his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, 8th edition. 12mo. London*, 1827.

After a careful examination of this volume, we have no hesitation in saying that both its plan and the instructions it contains are equally admirable. It is *a system of French Cookery aadpted to English tastes and materials*, and the receipts are equally fitted for the most splendid tables and the most economical. "Economy," says Ude, in his preface, "should be the order of the day, seeing the dearness of every thing used in the kitchen," &c.—p. xxix.

The work proceeds in the following order. Sauces and Consommés, as being the foundation of all good cookery—Soups—Fish—Removes—Forced meats—Flesh—Fowls—Game—Eggs—Entremets of Vegetables—Jellies—and Confectionary. Mr. Ude's "French Cook," without any foriegn aid, will enable English families to give an elegant variety to their tables, without any additional expense; while his situation in royal and noble families will be a guarantee to the higher orders of his powers of furnishing the most luxurious tables, where expense is not an object of consideration.

The author of the "French Cook" is a singular person; and many anecdotes of his life and peculiarities are afloat, which we should be glad to publish for the amusement of

our readers, did not delicacy forbid us. We may mention, however, a few traits of Mr. Ude's character. A joke has got into circulation, that when in the cradle, he strangled two large eels, in humble imitation of Hercules; but this we do not believe. We know, however, that from infancy he showed the most delicate taste of the seasoning of his pap; and that his palate could detect the most trifling variation in its sweetness and savour; and he would roar, as he himself has told us, "*comme quatre bœufs de Limoges*," till it acquired the true taste. At school, the ill-cooked meats were abominable to him, and he used to employ his pocket-money in purchasing the little earthen pots and *fours* in use in France, and cooked his rations in his own way. The other boys tasted, and admired, and followed his example; and Ude to this day, with an honest pride, says,—"Sare, I have make it a school of cookery; twenty *dirty* boys are *aujourd'hui* cooks. Two of my camarades of school cook toder day at Mr. Jarvis's horridcoloral fête" It was with the greatest difficulty that young Ude could be taught to read, and it was only by the promise that he should read nothing but cookery books that he could be induced to learn. As soon as he could spell, the *Cuisinier Bourgeois* was put into his hands, and he proceeded through a regular course of cookery books up to the *Almanach des Gourmands*. Latin it was at one time thought impossible to teach him; but the principal of the College of St. Louis, where he was educated, luckily bethought him of directing Ude's attention to *Apicius de Opsoniis et Condimentis;* on hearing of which, Ude immediately took to *Musa, Musæ*, and soon was able to discuss the Roman cookery receipts. While his school-fellows were engaged in merely drawing outline maps of France, Ude was embellishing his with sketches of the various articles of cookery produced by each town or department: thus Toulouse was represented by a drawing of a *pâté*, instead of having its name written down—Troyes by a tongue—Lyons by a sausage —the Vosages by a sheep—Rouen by a calf—Mans by a capon—Pithiviers by larks—Alençon by a goose—Dieppe by an oyster—Bordeaux by a bottle—Burgundy by a cask, &c. To be sure, Ude's maps looked more like a piece of a celestial globe than any thing else, and at first we mistook the soles of Marennes for the sign of the Fishes—the casks of wine for Aquarius—the crawfish of Strasbourg for the Scorpion—the oxen of Limoges for the great and lesser Bear, &c. but we soon discovered our error, and the ingenuity of Mr. Ude. We perceive that the map in question has been recently and very properly prefixed to the *Cours Gastronomique* and the *Nouvel Almanach des Gourmands*. When Mr. Ude, after quitting college, made an occasional excursion, he always connected cookery with the history and biography of the place; a part of one of his journals we here subjoin:

"Donremy, famous for Kirschwasser and Joan of Arc: Ai, Champagne and the historian Velly—gingerbread and the Abbé Pluche: Pithiviers, patties of larks and Sully: Bourges, bad wine and Bourdaloue the preacher: Sancerre, grapes and a siege it stood against Charles IX.: Limoges, for oxen and the Chancellor D'Aguesseau: Tours, peaches and Descartes: Chartres, pâtés and the poet Panard: Rouen, cheese and Corneille: La Flèche, Jesuits' College and capons: Cancale, oysters and Charles XII.: Médoc, Médoc and Montesquieu: Bayonne, hams and Henry IV.: Narbonne, honey and Charles Martel: Montpellier, muscat and medical school: Puy, chesnuts and Cardinal Polignac: Vaucluse, Petrarch and prunes: Calais, butter, and the Abbé Prévost: Strasburg, cathedral and carp: Montmorenci, cherries and J. J. Rousseau," &c.

This way of taking notes shows the ruling passion to have been strong in Ude. About the year 1782, Ude was appointed cook to Louis XVI. and continued in that honourable situation up to the close of that monarch's political existence. When Louis XVI. proposed to remove the Assembly to Metz, he mentioned his intention at table: "Ah, *mon bon roi*," said Ude, who was in waiting, "*alors nous aurons de bonnes mirabelles. Il est impossible d'en trouver ici.*" Long before Necker's fall, Ude prophesied of him that he must be disgraced. "Monsieur," said he, one day, to the writer of this article, "*Necker fut un homme qui ne savait pas juger d'une matelot. Comment voulez-vous qu'il s'entendit en matières de finance?*" The logic was conclusive. It has been said, that on the fatal 20th of June, the last Swiss died for the Queen. This is not exactly true. The mob rushed into the palace, and, having murdered the last of the Cent Suisses, was proceeding to Marie Antoinette's chamber, Ude placed himself in the breach, with a spit in one hand and a dripping pan as a shield in the other. These would have been but poor weapons of defence or attack against the infuriated crowd, had not one of the sans-culottes recognised Ude as the individual who had, for a fortnight, benevolently succoured his aged parents. "Citizens," cried he, "Ude is a cook; but, for this reason, let us not neglect the Roman virtue of gratitude. Ude saved the life of my father and mother, and I will save his. He is an Alexander in bravery; and, though not a Macedonian, he is fairly the *Empereur des Macédoines.*" The pun and speech were both received with applause. Ude escaped to England; was received into the household of Lord Sefton, whom he quitted, because Lord Molyneux was said to have put salt into a soup of his composition; was long steward to the Duke of York; witnessed, as cook, the popularity of the United Service Club, which originated entirely in the discussion of one of Ude's dinners; and, after cooking, with great applause, the Parliamentary dinners of last season, is now superintending the suppers at Crockford's.

We ought not to omit to say, that some of the receipts in Mr. Ude's work have been sold as high as fifty guineas each. The "Receipt for Turtle" is inestimable. It occupies four pages of the volume. When Lord Sefton gave his first party after he possessed Ude, he considered that as turtle was a purely English dish, he ought to engage an English cook to dress it. When Ude tasted the soup, he exclaimed,—"Ventrebleu, dis is *tortue au pauvre homme* —dis is workhouse turtle!" and after meditating for a week, and making experiments for a month, he produced such a soup, that Ude said of it, "Par Dieu! Sir William Curtis say I make water in his mouth when he taste my *potage à la tortue!*" When Herschel made a discovery of a new star some years ago, Ude said, "Ah, I do not want new stars—parbleu, I would prefer to see one new dish; but for de new star, I do not care moch; we always see of dem enough, plenty old stars." Sir Humphry Davy dined with Lord Sefton after being appointed president of the Royal Institution, and Ude, who was a privileged person, said to him, as he passed him in Piccadilly one day, "Sromfredevi, de Society of de Institution shall not be complet till dere is one chair of Cookery." That his ideas of the importance of his art may be clearly understood, we quote a few sentences from his preface; by which it will be seen that cooks are made of the finest clay, and that the refuse is left to mould kings, patriots, philosophers, legislators, and poets.

"The author trusts that he will not be accused of vanity, in seeking to enforce good precepts, as will as by giving good examples. Cookery is an art which requires much time, intelligence, and activity, to be acquired in its perfection. Every man is not born with the qualifications necessary to constitute a good cook. The difficulty of attaining to perfection in the art, will be best demonstrated by offering a few observations on some others. Music, dancing, fencing, painting, and mechanics in general, possess professors under twenty years of age, whereas, in the first line of cooking, pre-eminence never occurs under thirty. We see daily at concerts, and academies, young men and women who display the greatest abilities; but in our line, nothing *but the most consummate* experience can elevate a man to the rank of chief professor. It must be admitted, that there are few good cooks, though there are many who advance themselves as such. This disproportion of talent among them is the cause of the little respect in which they are held; if they were all provided with the necessary qualities, they would certainly be considered as artists.

"What science demands more study than cookery? You have not only, as in other arts, to satisfy the general eye, but also the individual taste of the persons who employ you; you have to attend to economy, which every one demands; to suit the taste of different persons at the same table; to surmount the difficulty of procuring things which are necessary to your work; to undergo the want of unanimity among the servants of the house; and the mortification of seeing unlimited confidence sometimes reposed in persons who are unqualified to give orders in the kitchen, without assuming a consequence, and giving themselves airs which are almost out of reason, and which frequently discourage the cook." p. xxv-vi.

What will Joseph Hume say to the following?

"Cooks in this country have not the opportunity of instructing their pupils that we have in France, except at the Royal Palace, where every thing is, and must be, done in perfection, as neither hands nor expense are objects of consideration." p. xxix.

It may seem impertinent in poor devils of authors to speak of dinners—but we agree in the following remarks —only premising, that in our opinion, if the dinner is good, the results are of little consequence to the diner-out.

"Why should we not be proud of our knowledge in cookery? It is the soul of festivity at all times, and to all ages. How many marriages have been the consequence of meeting at dinner? How much good fortune has been the result of a good supper?"

The Bouquet.

"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."
MONTAIGNE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S NAPOLEON.

Further Extracts.

NAPOLEON'S DIVORCE FROM JOSEPHINE.

Besides her considerable talents, and her real beneficence of disposition, Josephine was possessed of other ties over the mind of her husband. The mutual passion which had subsisted between them for many years, if its warmth had subsided, seems to have left behind affectionate remembrances and mutual esteem. The grace and dignity with which Josephine played her part in the Imperial pageant, was calculated to gratify the pride of Napoleon, which might have been shocked at seeing the character of Empress discharged with less ease and adroitness; for her temper and manners enabled her, as one early accustomed to the society of persons of political influence, to conduct herself with singular dexterity in the intrigues of the splendid and busy court, where she filled so important a character. Lastly, it is certain that Buonaparte, who, like many of those that affect to despise superstition, had a reserve of it in his own bosom, believed that his fortunes were indissolubly connected with those of Josephine; and, loving her as she deserved to be loved, he held his union with her the more intimate, that there was attached to it, he thought, a spell affecting his own destinies, which had ever seemed most predominant when they had received the recent influence of Josephine's presence.

Notwithstanding all these mutual ties, it was evident to the politicians of the Tuilleries, that whatever attachment and veneration Napoleon might profess and feel for the Empress, it was likely, in the long run, to give way to the eager desire of a lineal succession, to which he might bequeath his splendid inheritance. As age advanced, every year weakened, though in an imperceptible degree, the influence of the Empress, and must have rendered more eager the desire of her husband to form a new alliance, while he was yet at a period of life enabling him to hope he might live to train to maturity the expected heir.

Fouche, the Minister of Police, the boldest political intriguer of his time, discovered speedily to what point the Emperor must ultimately arrive, and seems to have meditated the insuring his own power and continuance in favour, by taking the initiative in a measure, in which, perhaps, Napoleon might be ashamed to break the ice in person. Sounding artfully his master's disposition, Fouche was able to discover that the Emperor was struggling betwixt the supposed political advantages to be derived from a new matrimonial union on the one hand, and, on the other, love for his present consort, habits of society which particularly attached him to Josephine, and the species of superstition which we have already noticed. Having been able to conjecture the state of the Emperor's inclinations, the crafty councillor determined to make Josephine herself the medium of suggesting to Buonaparte the measure of her own divorce, and his second marriage, as a sacrifice necessary to consolidate the empire, and complete the happiness of the Emperor.

One evening, at Fontainbleau, as the Empress was returning from mass, Fouche detained her in the embrasure of a window in the gallery, while, with an audacity almost incomprehensible, he explained, with all the alleviating qualifications his ingenuity could suggest, the necessity of a sacrifice, which he represented as equally sublime and inevitable. The tears gathered in Josephine's eyes—her colour came and went—her lips swelled—and the least which the councillor had to fear, was his advice having brought on a severe nervous affection. She commanded her emotions, however, sufficiently to ask Fouche, with a faltering voice, whether he had any commission to hold such language to her. He replied in the negative, and said that he had only ventured on such an insinuation from his having predicted with certainty what must necessarily come to pass, and from his desire to turn her attention to what so nearly concerned her glory and her happiness.

In consequence of this interview, an impassioned and interesting scene is said to have taken place betwixt Buonaparte and his consort, in which he naturally and truly disavowed the communication of Fouche, and attempted by every means in his power to dispel her apprehensions. But he refused to dismiss Fouche, when she demanded it as the punishment due to that minister's audacity, in tampering with her feelings; and this refusal alone might have convinced Josephine, that though ancient habitual

affection might for a time maintain its influence in the nuptial chamber, it must at length give way before the suggestions of political interest, which were sure to predominate in the cabinet. In fact, when the idea had once been started, the chief objection was removed, and Buonaparte, being spared the pain of directly communicating the unkind and ungrateful proposal to Josephine, had now only to afford her time to familiarize herself with the idea of a divorce, as that which political combinations rendered inevitable.

The communication of Fouche was made before Napoleon undertook his operations in Spain; and by the time of the meeting at Erfurt, the divorce seems to have been a matter determined, since the subject of a match betwixt Buonaparte and one of the archduchesses, the possibility of which had been anticipated as far back as the treaty of Tilsit, was resumed, seriously treated of, and if not received with cordiality by the Imperial family of Russia, was equally far from being finally rejected. The reigning Empress and the Empress Mother were, however, opposed to it. The ostensible motive was, as we have elsewhere said, the difference of religion; but these high-minded princesses rejected the alliance chiefly on account of the personal character of the suitor. And although it must have been managed with the greatest secrecy imaginable, it seems probable that the idea of substituting an Archduchess of Austria for her whose hand was refused him, was started in the course of the treaty of Schoenbrun, and had its effects in providing lenient terms for the weaker party. Napoleon himself says, that he renounced his purpose of dismembering Austria when his marriage was fixed upon. But the conditions of peace were signed on the 14th of October, and therefore the motive which influenced Napoleon in granting them must have had existence previous to that period.

Yet the contrary is boldly asserted. The idea of the match is said to have been suggested by the Austrian government at a later period, upon understanding that difficulties had occurred in Napoleon's negotiation for a matrimonial alliance in the family of Alexander. Fouche ascribes the whole to the address of his own agent, the Compte de Narbonne, a Frenchman of the old school, witty, pliant, gay, well-mannered, and insinuating, who was ambassador at Vienna in the month of January, 1810.

But whether the successor of Josephine were or were not already determined upon, the measures for separating this amiable and interesting woman from him whose fortunes she had assisted to raise, and to whose person she was so much attached, were in full and public operation soon after her husband's return from the campaign of Wagram. Upon the 3d of December, Buonaparte attended the solemn service of *Te Deum* for his victories. He was clad with unusual magnificence, wearing the Spanish costume, and displaying in his hat an enormous plume of feathers. The Kings of Saxony and Wirtemberg, who attended as his satellites on this occasion, were placed beside him in full uniform, and remained uncovered during the ceremony.

From the cathedral Napoleon passed to the opening of the Legislative Body, and boasted, in the oration he addressed to them, of the victories which he had achieved, and the trophies which he had acquired; nay, he vaunted of his having re-united Tuscany to the empire, as if the spoiling the inoffensive and unresisting widow and orphan could ever be a legitimate subject of triumph. From the existing affairs of Spain, no direct reason for gratulation could be derived; but when Napoleon could no longer claim praise from things as they presently stood, he was profuse in his promises of a rapid change to the better, and spoke as a prophet when he ceased to be the reporter of agreeable facts.

'When I,' he said, 'show myself on the other side of the Pyrenees, the terrified Leopold shall plunge into the ocean to avoid shame, defeat, and destruction. The triumph of my arms shall be that of the Genius of Good over the Genius of Evil; of moderation, order, and morals, over civil war, anarchy, and the malevolent passions.'—With such fair colouring will ambition and injustice attempt to screen their purposes. A poetical reply from Monsieur des Fontanes assured the Emperor, that whatever was connected with him must arise to grandeur; whatever was connected with any other influence was threatened with a speedy fall. 'It was, therefore, necessary,' he continued, 'to submit to your ascendancy, whose councils are at once recommended by heroism and by policy.' To this speech Buonaparte made a rejoinder, in which, resuming the well-worn themes of his own praises, he alluded to the obstacles which he had surmounted, and concluded, 'I and my family will always know how to sacrifice our most tender affections to the interests and welfare of the great nation.' These concluding words, the meaning of which was already guessed by all who belonged to the court, were soon no riddle to the public in general.

Two days afterwards, Napoleon made Josephine acquainted with the cruel certainty, that the separation was ultimately determined upon. But not the many months which had passed since the subject was first touched upon by Fouche—not the conviction which she must have long since received from various quarters, that the measure was unalterably resolved upon, could strengthen her to hear the tongue of her beloved husband announce, what was in fact, though not in name, a sentence of repudiation. She fell into a long and profound swoon. Napoleon was much affected, but his resolution was taken, and could not be altered. The preparations for the separation went on without delay.

On the 15th December, just ten days after the official communication of her fate had been given to the Empress, Napoleon and Josephine appeared in presence of the Arch-Chancellor, the family of Napoleon, the principal officers of state, in a word, the full Imperial Council. In this assembly Napoleon stated the deep national interest which required that he should have successors of his own body, the heirs of his love for his people, to occupy the throne on which Providence had placed him. He informed them, that he had for several years renounced the hope of having children by his well-beloved Empress Josephine, and that therefore he had resolved to subject the feelings of his heart to the good of the state, and to desire the dissolution of their marriage. He was, he said, but forty years old, and might well hope to live to train up such children as Providence might send him, in his own sentiments and arts of government. Again he dwelt on the truth and tenderness of his beloved spouse, his partner during fifteen years of happy union. Crowned as she had been by his own hand, he desired she should retain the rank of Empress during her life.

Josephine arose, and with a faltering voice, and eyes suffused with tears, expressed in a few words sentiments similar to those of her husband. The Imperial pair then demanded from the Arch-Chancellor a written instrument in evidence of their mutual desire of separation; and it was granted accordingly, in all due form, with the authority of the Council.

The senate were next assembled; and on the 16th December pronounced a consultum, or decree, authorizing the separation of the Emperor and Empress, and assuring to Josephine a dowry of two millions of francs, and the rank of Empress during her life. Addresses were voted to both the Imperial parties, in which all possible changes were rung on the duty of subjecting our dearest affections to the public good; and the conduct of Buonaparte in exchanging his old consort for a young one, was proclaimed a sacrifice, for which the eternal love of the French people could alone console his heart.

THE DWARF.

(From "Absurdities in Prose and Verse.)

Apicius Von Rippel was one of those lath-like men whom one may chance to encounter on an April day, walking leisurely and unwashed *betwixt* the drops of a smart shower; long drawn—as a lover's sigh; and slender—as his own income. Though he had certainly been a *long* resident on this locomotive world of ours, he had amassed but little, and *barely* lived, as his *habiliments* evidently demonstrated; yet Apicius Von Rippel never complained, and if he did at first *groan* a little, he had grown so much lately, that he appeared to have *risen superior* to the petty cares and misfortunes of a world—the which, like a true philosopher, he only regarded as a mere *ball* at his feet, which (when *he* had given his last *kick*) would continue to roll on to the end of time! Von Rippel was neither a filthy swincherd nor a mean mechanic, but an *author*—a man who lived upon his own brains, by which his spare habit proved that he gained nothing to spare, and little to spend. Whether this arose from lack of wit in Apicius, or in others, never was resolved. But threadbare poverty is, alas! too often the companion of genius!

One night Apicius was busied in the composition of a sonnet to his mistress's *eye*—for, like the *Alphabet*, the lovely Artemisia possessed but *one*—being in this respect *singularly* beautiful; as likewise in the situation of her *head*, which, like her heart, was all on one side! But then, to make amends for these personal peculiarities, she had a wit as sharp as a razor, and a *temper* far surpassing it. There was not such another virgin on the world's surface—Artemisia was a phœnix of her kind; and fortunately for Apicius was it, that nature had so ordained it; for had her twin and counterpart appeared, Apicius, like Mahomet's coffin, would have hung suspended, and pined to death betwixt the equal attraction. Having proceeded about half way in the echoing labyrinth of his monocular sonnet, Apicius, who was "resting in peace," but "to rise again," upon a tombstone, rested his left hand and his scrap-book upon his thigh, and stuck his pencil pensively against the side of his nose, while his memory crawled leisurely over a lexicon of tuneful words for a rhyme. Nothing apposite, however, could Von Rippel catch; and he began to read aloud what he had already indited, hoping to run into another line by the genial course of inspiration; but it would not do—he stopped short at the conclusion of his own lines, as if they were the *lines* of an enemy. The sound of his monotonous mouthing had scarcely died upon the breeze, when, in a distinct and pompous voice, he heard the sonnet continued and concluded! As the invisible's words fell from his lips, Rippel's fell from his hand—but not one, even of wonderment, from his tongue. He dared not stir—his feet had no more expression in them than his rhymes. The moon's rays were beaming brightly before him, and his elongated shadow reposed motionless (like a black attendant) behind him. He remained fearfully silent; so still that, comparatively, in the imperfect light, the monumental stones and their shadows appeared to be animated. His neck was as stiff as a crocodile's, or a rusty hinge. At last a sigh oozed from his lips, and was answered by a laugh—it was a rich, merry laugh, and full of encouragement. Apicius was soon mounted on the observatory on his own legs; and throwing his eyes about him, they chanced to light upon the diminutive figure of a man, supported by two legs and a crutch-stick. "How are ye, my man?" quoth the dwarf, with such a patronising, consequential air, that it was impossible to refrain from laughter. "Well said, little one!" exclaimed the poet, indulging in a mirthful fit, and stooping down to take a nearer view of the dwarf. "Ay, laugh on—laugh on!—it's only tit for tat, for I laughed at your *sighs*," cried the dwarf, "and now you laugh at mine!" "By Dian! who now smiles so sweetly upon us! exclaimed the chuckling poet, "thou art a comical little prig! Short as an epigram, and rounded like one of my own periods!" "A-hem!" "What art thou a-hemming at, eh, my sprig o' myrtle?" "At thy vanity, Meinheer *Cedar!*" replied the dwarf; "but I tell thee what now," carelessly throwing his right leg across his left in attitude, and resting on his crutch-stick, "I tell thee what, (though I have not the *right* use of my *left* leg) I'll run with thee for a wager." "Done!" cried Apicius, stretching out his leg, and measuring it with a glance of confidence; "but what's the wager?" "He who is beaten at running shall stand a supper." "Done to that: but where shall we display?" "The *high* road, methinks, will suit thee best," replied the dwarf, eyeing the lengthy Apicius with a smile. "Come along, then," cried the poet—"Oh! I can run like a rivulet!" "And I like a seedling cabbage," said the dwarf, "or the dark ivy which can run over the *tallest* trees. Now, if I outrun thee, thou wilt run out of thy wits." I have more fleetness than fear," replied Apicius; and by this time having reached the high road, they stood—the signal was given—Apicius bounded forward like a lank greyhound, while his little competitor hopped and jumped,—and jumped and hopped, like a hunted rat, beside him. Apicius was wonderstruck at his swiftness and agility, and puffed like a forge bellows, while the dwarf laughed and joked in perfect good humour all the way, propelling his diminutive body with, apparently, very little exertion; and finally won the race by several yards. "Vanquished!" cried Apicius—"a well-won match!—a noble feat!" "That hath proved my *feet* superior to thy long legs! But now for the supper, for running hath given me an appetite." "The supper—the supper!" exclaimed the poet, rather staggered by this just demand. "Now, by Artemisia's ivory brow, I have not a *penning* in my poke!" "What!" cried the ruffled dwarf, assuming a big look, "dost thou intend to defraud me of my due? 'Sdeath! Sirrah, I am no plaything for thy wit to trifle with."—"Come, come, be cool, my little fire-ball!" replied Apicius, scarce able to refrain from laughter at the pigmy's terrible looks and menaces: "as far as cheese-rinds and a mouldy crust may serve, thou art welcome to partake of my fare; and if, in lieu of *hock* thou canst relish the pure element, follow me." "Follow thee—never, thou swindling varlet"—and springing at him in a paroxysm of rage, the dwarf struck Apicius such a tremendous blow on his unfortunate sconce, that the poor wretch him, and the love-sick poet found he had been lying, *all along*, asleep upon a monumental slab, against which, in the excitement of his dream, he had bumped his pate!

Correspondence.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The following arithmetical question appeared some time since in an American paper. Wishing to obtain a solution, I shall feel obliged to you for the insertion of it either in the *Mercury* or the *Kaleidoscope*.

Yours, &c. TYRO.

QUESTION.

If a quart per day is taken out of a forty gallon cask of brandy, and the deficiency successively replaced with a quart of water for forty days, what quantity of brandy will the cask contain on the fortieth day, and in how many days will the contents of the cask be only water?

ENGLISH MANNERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—As a stranger in your town, it has been my wish to see all and every thing, not only the lions of Liverpool, but a little of its character. This feeling induced me the other evening to pay a shilling, where sixpence would have done, merely that I might have an opportunity and the honour of being in genteel company, and hearing genteel conversation. Now, Mr. Editor, imagine me seated in a packet, (best end, mind you,) in the midst of twenty ladies and gentlemen, with a firm determination, for once in my life, to lend my ears and hold my tongue, a thing my lord would have pronounced totally impossible. But what's impossible when woman wills it? Had he but seen his rib sit with the gravity of an owl, one hand resting passively on the other, and with mouth closed as if she could not open it, he would have been struck dumb with amazement. Mum seemed to be the order of the evening; ten minutes or more passed without a single observation being ventured; at last, with evident exertion, one remarked "that the days cut very fast;" this produced from another kindred spirit "we have had a good deal of wet since the rain came." From this sample I began to feel that I had spent my shilling foolishly, and that John Bull, at the sixpenny end, would, in all probability, have been much more entertaining. So far were the gentlemen from thinking that they were called upon to pay attention to the ladies, or find conversation for them, that they (I speak truth) absolutely took newspapers, or any papers they had, to kill time, though in the company of so many ladies, and some of them young too. I sat and sat, still holding my tongue and thinking of my poor shilling, till my patience and my dumb fit fairly gave way. I accosted my left hand neighbour (who, by the bye, had more the look of a gentleman than the other passengers) just as a gentleman should accost a lady, "Will the air be too cool for you, (speaking as prettily as my tongue would let me,) if I open the window a little?"—"Not at all," was the reply. "Brevity is the soul of wit;" is it the soul of politeness, think you? After this you may be sure that I once more became dumb, much against my inclination. What conversation passed was carried on in whispers, which raised my curiosity, and determined me to listen, hoping to hear something worth a shilling, and what would be a credit to genteel society. I listened with all my ears, but nothing reached them but black colts and bay colts, and horses with long heads, which were not approved of. From the little I did hear, it was evident the gentlemen were on the race-ground instead of the packet. At one time I thought we should have a change of scene and manners, by two gentlemen taking out their snuff-boxes; but they were merely taken out to gratify their own noses, which, ever and anon, they gave a pinch, and then pocketed the box, without suffering any other nose to have a taste. I began to think, Sir, that well dressed (I shall not say well bred) folk can do what they like, and as they like, independent of the feelings and opinions of all old-fashioned humdrums that chance throws in their way. Now, had an Irish gentleman been on board, and taken out his snuff-box, every lady's nose in the packet might have been regaled, and every gentleman's too, by his good will, for the more you lightened his box, the more you would lighten his heart. But these gentlemen were determined neither to have their heads nor their boxes lightened by sharing either brains or snuff with their fellow-passengers. Oh, John Bull, John Bull, thou art certainly, at times, a most unsociable, dull animal: if it were not for some few spirits which memory recalls, who were, and are, the life and soul of every party, I should most assuredly write thee *Jack Ass*; but for the sake of one spirit, thou shalt still be John Bull.

SOMEBODY.

N.B.—If I had occupied the plebeian end of the packet, I should, of course, have been nobody; *ergo*, the contrary end stamps me somebody.

MARINE LIFE PRESERVERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I take the liberty to address you on the subject of your improved *Marine Life Preservers*; but before I proceed, I must hope no offence may be taken at what is meant merely as a private hint.

Seeing on the walls of houses, &c. for some days past, bills to inform the public that it was the intention of some gentlemen to go into the river off the north end of the Prince's Pier, accoutered in a dress, and over that dress an improved marine preserver, I went to the pier accordingly, at half-past eleven, and saw (as any person there would see) the river rather rough; but, after waiting till twelve o'clock, I departed, having seen no gents, or any thing else appear to "*prove the utility of the Life Preservers.*" The assembled crowd set it down as a hoax from beginning to end, set on foot by pickpockets, &c.; but the more respectable part knew well that Mr. E. Smith would have immediately contradicted so vile a falsehood, had it not been intended. Now, to prove the utility of the Life Preservers, in my humble opinion, the stormiest day ought to be chosen, as on a calm day you cannot expect vessels to be wrecked so frequently as on stormy days, and foul weather; besides the satisfaction it would give the public to see that you were not afraid of venturing your life on a machine invented by yourself. Consider this.—Yours, &c. TRIPTOLEMUS YELLOWLEY.

Liverpool, August 10, 1827.

☞ Our correspondent may, perhaps, now be aware of the cause which prevented the public experiment, as it has been announced in one of the Saturday's newspapers, and by bills on the wall. It was simply this: the gentlemen who meant to use the collar jackets had left them and their swimming dresses, the previous evening, at the Floating Bath, having been in the river with them. On the forenoon of the Friday they proceeded to the parade-slip with the intention of repairing to the Bath to get their clothes and jackets; and had ordered a boatman to come to the Bath to row them to the north point of the Prince's Dock—from which they intended to set out. To their great mortification, however, it was found absolutely impossible to reach the Bath; and, after a vain attempt, in which the boat was in the most imminent danger of being swamped, the boatmen were obliged to put back; and if any person will take the trouble to inquire from the men he will learn that they were obliged to lay up the boats from eleven until one o'clock, not being able to reach the Bath.

In the evening, whilst there was still a great swell, three of the party entered the river from the Floating Bath, and remained in about twenty minutes, and drifted up to the St. George steam-boat. Captain Stewart very politely offered one of them a segar, which he accepted and smoked, having first taken off his hat, in acknowledgment of the civility.

On the Saturday evening, four gentlemen went from the Floating Bath into the river, with the collar jackets, dresses, and their hats on. They had a very pleasant excursion; and as there was still a considerable swell in the river, we were told by a gentleman who was on shore, that it was an extraordinary and novel sight from the shore to see the heads and hats moving up and down with the waves.

The following notice was put up on the walls, on Friday afternoon:

"In consequence of the extreme roughness of the river on Friday last, about eleven o'clock, the Gentlemen who proposed going into the river with the Marine Life Preservers, were obliged to abandon their design, as they could not get on board the Floating Bath, where the jackets and swimming dresses were kept; the boat having made the attempt was obliged to put back. The experiments will, therefore, be made, if the weather be suitable, on Tuesday afternoon, about two o'clock; or on Wednesday afternoon, at three o'clock, when the party will proceed from the north point of the Prince's Dock, in the direction of the Floating Bath.

Seasonable Indulgence.—In an advertisement for a young gentleman who left his parents, it was stated, that "if Master Jacky will return to his disconsolate parents, he shall no more be put upon by his sister, *and shall be allowed to sweeten his own tea!*"—*American paper.*

To Correspondents.

MONODY ON MR. CANNING.—We decline the verses entitled *A Tribute to Genius*. We seldom meet with elegiac verses which we can read through with patience. Mr. Canning's lamented death will be commemorated by all grades of poets, and we venture to predict that bathos will be the prevailing feature. We moreover think it is well for the illustrious dead that they are unconscious of the maudlin impertinence to which their demise generally gives rise; if it were otherwise, they would be somewhat in the situation imagined by one of our celebrated wits, who, on hearing Sternhold and Hopkins' psalms sung in an execrable manner by a certain parish clerk, wrote the following epigram:

Sternhold and Hopkins had great qualms
When they translated David's psalms,
To make the heart full glad;
But had it been poor David's fate
To hear them sung, and then translate,—
It would have made him mad!

MR. CANNING.—In our next publication we shall give a memoir of the late Premier, selected from the most authentic and honest sources. We shall, in the interim, make it a point to read all the journals of talent and reputation; and we shall, in our memoir, exclude, as much as possible, party politics, from which we are pledged to abstain.

LIVERPOOL LIGHTHOUSE.—We are preparing an engraving of the Liverpool Lighthouse, comprehending the interior and the ground plan. We shall endeavour to have it ready against our next.

THE PLAGUE OF MANCHESTER.—We shall next week publish another gratuitous supplement, in order, without touching upon the fair rights of our readers, to enable us to republish, from our last volume, the two first chapters of the Plague of Manchester, the whole of which it is desirable to have comprised in the present volume. We state this in the hope that it will stimulate the author to proceed forthwith with his series.

REMOVAL OF OUR OFFICE.—At length we have fairly quitted Lord-street, and removed our stock to No. 3, Clarendon-buildings, Marshall-street, where we are still in such disorder that any little irregularity, which may be inseparable from such a cause, will, we trust, be overlooked.

"MY EYE AND BETTY MARTIN."—A correspondent may learn the origin of this slang phrase from the 4th volume of the *Liverpool Mercury*, page 296, published December 23, 1814. We will copy the paragraph in the next *Kaleidoscope*.

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